

(For the New York Saturday Press.)

Water Editor:—You have in the *Brook Church* are just such an entertainment. After fulling Luther and all those old fellows who got up a chance to think as we like, I don't want to see the unitarian, of which I am one of the genuine original ones, but out for friends and all that. My indignation burst out in the following poem:—
Yours,
JOHN BROWN.

To Master Belier.
Yet do not come to tell me now
My faith is not in a sham!
Perhaps it is. I only say
'Twas you as made me what I am.
I've heard you talk of aught
Of how the truth must make us free,
And how man's privilege
His only guide is faith can be.
That seemed to me, the kind of talk
We in the church should all have,
For it is the rule by which we walk
To home, abroad and every where.
That man must work a single rod
Who by the word is led around,
It matters not if he is led
By feminine or priestly gown.
It seems as what is said and well
Of woman will apply as well
To persons of all kind and creed.
Give 'em an inch they'll take an ell.
If you would live as other men,
And preach but what you felt was true,
You never would complain again—
The whole world would stand up with you.
JOHN BROWN.

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HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Publisher,
9 Spruce Street, New York.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.
HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 27, 1859.

NOTICE.
We take pleasure in announcing that G. H. Avery Esq., of Oswego, N. Y., is associated in the proprietorship and business management of the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

By Overland Mail.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S TWO HOURS
WITH
HORACE GREELY.

NO OTHER PAPER HAS IT.

GOLDMAN (sometimes called New York), July 13, 1859.

To the Editor of the *Clark Polymagist*:—

I went this morning, by appointment, to meet HORACE GREELY, Editor-in-Chief of the *Tribune*, who had expressed a willingness to receive me at 3 A. M.

The office is in Spruce Street, next door to the *Saturday Press* Building.

I was cordially welcomed at the door by a fugitive negro, who took me up in a dumb-waiter to the sky-parlor, where I found Mr. Greeley, who introduced me to Dana, Ripley, Fry, Congdon, Doesticks, Hotcom & Co., as his associate editors.

After partaking of an apple and a glass of water, and indulging in a few general remarks about Meriam (alias the weather), I stated that I had come in quest of knowledge in respect to the doctrine and polity of the *Tribune*, and would like to ask some questions bearing directly on these, if there were no objections.

Mr. Greeley avowed his willingness to answer to all pertinent inquiries, and the conversation then proceeded substantially as follows:

B. Y.—Am I to regard *Tribuneism* (so called) as a new religion, like Mormonism, or as simply a new and original development of Christianity?

H. G.—We hold that there can be no true Christian Church in this country that hasn't a *Tribune-Club* in it, and that no minister of religion is entitled to the name who doesn't preach the "Gospel according to Greeley."

B. Y.—Then I am to understand that you regard all churches who reject your peculiar lens as the Church of Rome regards all churches not in communion with itself as schismatic, heretical, and out of the way of salvation?

H. G.—Yes, substantially.

B. Y.—Apart from this, in what respect do your doctrines or lens differ essentially from those of our most respectable churches—the Mormon and the Broad Church, for example?

H. G.—We hold the doctrines of Christianity as revealed in the Old Testament—also in the Book of Fourier, which teaches the same cardinal truths, and "nothing else."

B. Y.—Do you believe in the doctrine of the Trinity?
H. G.—Not as generally understood. We believe in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit; but by any means as equal, nor even identical, but as being the sinners of war.

B. Y.—Do you believe in a personal Devil—a distinct, conscious, spiritual being, whose nature and acts are essentially malignant and evil?

H. G.—We do.

B. Y.—How do you designate him?

H. G.—As the Printer's Devil.

B. Y.—Do you believe in the doctrine of Total Depravity?

H. G.—We do, and endeavor to live up to it.

B. Y.—Do you hold to the doctrine of Eternal Punishment?

H. G.—We do not; nor to capital punishment. We have personal reasons for being opposed to all kinds of punishment—except in extreme cases.

B. Y.—Such as?

H. G.—When people decline to take the *Tribune*.

B. Y.—Do you believe in Immersion?

H. G.—We do. We immerse every day.

B. Y.—Do you believe in Infant Baptism?

H. G.—We do, but in the same sense that we believe in Immersion.

B. Y.—Do you make these doctrines obligatory?

H. G.—Not with those who subscribe to or advertise in the *Tribune*.

B. Y.—What is the position of your paper in respect to slavery?

H. G.—We think it quite unobjectionable where it is, but very objectionable where it isn't.

B. Y.—Are there any slaves in your office?

H. G.—None to speak of.

B. Y.—Do you believe in Monogamy?

H. G.—Some of us do; and some of us don't.

B. Y.—Do you preach the doctrine of Total Abstinence?

H. G.—Yes, sir.

B. Y.—Do you practice it?

H. G.—Some of us do; but most of us don't.

B. Y.—Do you believe in Vegetarianism?

H. G.—Not so much as we did.

B. Y.—Do you believe in Spiritualism?

H. G.—We haven't decided.

B. Y.—Do you believe in the Broad Church?

H. G.—Certainly; the broader the better.

B. Y.—Can you give me any rational explanation of the aversion and hatred with which your people are generally regarded by those among whom they have lived and with whom they have been brought directly in contact?

H. G.—No other explanation than is afforded by the ill-treatment and persecution which good men have in all times been exposed to.

B. Y.—What do you say of the so-called Danaites, who are said to control your establishment?

H. G.—It is too late in the day for us to say anything.

B. Y.—How general is monogamy among you?

H. G.—Couldn't say. Each one determines what is his individual duty and goes and does it.

B. Y.—How do you regard what is commonly called the Christian Sabbath?

H. G.—As a divinely appointed day of rest.

B. Y.—Do you printers rest on that day?

H. G.—No. They are engaged setting up Monday's *Tribune*, which we consider to be a "work of mercy."

We would have no man enslaved to the Sabbath—else we couldn't get out but five *Tribunes* a-week.

Such, as nearly as I can recollect it, is the substance of nearly two hours' conversation, wherein much was said incidentally by Mr. Greeley's associates, but nothing worth reporting; as Mr. Greeley is the "cutest man on the *Tribune* I have reported his remarks only.

The others (except two, who went to sleep) appeared to defer to his views and to acquiesce fully in his responses. He spoke readily, not always with grammatical accuracy, but with little apparent hesitation, though he evidently thought some of my questions impertinent.

He was very plainly dressed in white clothing and with good-natured, yellow hair, and a white beard, looking to enjoy life, but to be always in a particular hurry.

His associates are eccentric looking men, with diffuse hair and beards, and turn-down collars, but appear to be no inefficient creatures, and not at all given to the vanities of this world.

In conclusion I must say that although my interview with Mr. Greeley and his associates was very agreeable, I have no desire to join them; in fact from some remarks that were made, it would not at all surprise me if they should at a very early day ask to join us. I hope not, as we should be under the necessity of declining the connection.

Yours polymagically,
BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Spicy.
A correspondent writes that if "variety is the spice of life," then THE SATURDAY PRESS may justly be called "All-spice."

Excommunicating.
Why is the heart of a lieutenant's widow like a deserted house? Give it up? Because it is left tenantless.

The Last Snake Story.
A man down in Maine, where the liquor-law is enforced, got himself bit, the other day, by a rattlesnake, for the sake of having a quart of whiskey administered to him.

N. B. We improve the above from the *Louisville Journal*.

Consolation.
[Dialogue between two members of the "Can't-Get-Away-Club."] "Dick—I say, Jack, suppose three bad eggs and a pair of old boots bodied down in a gallon of Croton, how do you think it would compare with Saratoga water?"

Jack—[Reflecting.]—"It wants another egg."

Jo. Coe's Last.
"I'm after you with a stick," as the tongue said to the postage-stamp.

The Solar System.
An exchange says that "he whose soul does not sing need not try to do it with his throat." If this maxim be true, the best singers must be those who wear croaking boots. We commend the system to Brigidon. [N. B. A premium of ten *Ledgers* to anybody who will out-pretence this paragraph.]

A Distinction.
A joint-stock corporation has been formed in Kansas entitled "The One-woman Blackberry Company." It is not, as might be inferred, a company for the burial of blacks, but a company for the gathering of blackberries. At last accounts it was gathering two hundred quarts a day.

The Sexes Not Identical.
At the late Woman's Rights Convention in Saratoga, a resolution was unanimously carried, asserting "the complete and entire equality, despite of identity, of the sexes." We were not aware, before, that the "identity" of the sexes had ever been contended for; but since it evidently had been (else why such a resolution?), it is a great relief to find that the matter is now settled beyond a peradventure.

To Whom the Palm?
Dr. Palmer, who is said to have translated L'Amour, and was recently appointed New York editor of the *ARIAN*, has agreed, according to the *Sunday papers*, to furnish a "thrilling sketch" every week to the *New York Weekly*. Of the two engagements we can only say: Palmer got more food.

MATILDA HERON IN "GERALDINE."

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY PRESS:—

Contrary to your predictions, all human and supernatural dispensations were available on Monday last, and the new play unfolded itself to the satisfaction of all.

As announced for that evening. Strange to tell, the piece told more upon me from the pages of the *Press*, than when draped in smothered silence. Happily it is that in reading, one lingers over each point, and alights lightly through the necessary, though tedious, circumstantial detail, with which the play is told.

The piece was a distinct success. For my part, whatever be its merit, I know of no other native drama that is equal to it. Yet it seems to me that the field of romantic, baronial drama has long since been reaped, and left bare of seed for new fruit, while in the humble phenomena of the soul's economy lies a fair and waving harvest, whose simple glory far outshines the purple robes and pride of State, upon which our poets seek to build the temples of their fame.

Witness the play "La dame aux Camélias." Does it seem strange that the plain, unvarnished tale of a woman who knew how to love and to grieve, already eagerly embodied into four great languages, has struck one of the key-notes of the world's heart, while many a cunningly-wrought tragedy, set fast on the solid foundations of history and the proud names of story, has sunk and been buried up beneath the very ponderousness of its pomp and circumstance?

If the author of *Love's Victory* would but close the dusty annals of evil and carnage, of war and warfare, and transcribe for us some of those fresh and simple characters, through which nature is ever throbbing her story of life and love,—

You remember that I had not seen Matilda Heron since my return from France. I may truly say I was one of her wonder-worshipers. I thought her then an actress of surpassing capacity, but now indeed has she grown to be the foremost artist who speaks the Anglo-Saxon tongue. If we have no true American Drama, we have at least a supremely-endowed American Tragedian. Yet when this great woman comes to us after years of infinite toiling of soul and body, in the plenitude of fiery force and inspiration, the effulgent impersonation of tragic truth, the sole star-planet in the vast night-world of American art, the critical gentlemen discover that she promises good things, and fall to comparing her with Eliza Follen and Julia Dean. Alas! but to think of it.

For my part, I care not for the so-called careful, correct actress,—she who is never less than a lady, never more than one. The mission of art is to lift us above ourselves; there the weights of doubt and weakness are stripped away from all noble action and brave speech, there love hangs close about the neck of life. Let the artist beware, then, that she lead us into no puny, conventional circle of art; let her give us no portable passion, convenient for measuring in the hollow of the white-gloved hand; let her not show us the bound eagle, dim of eye, and broken of wing, covering in the dust before the dogs of false and false, but the strong-winged bird, whose eye is set fast on the sun. She must lead us to the brink of those fiery depths which underlie the cold crust of human existence, and give us to list to the faint echoes of speechless hopes and longings, whose full-toned harmonies we might not hear and live. Not in the little concave mirror of society, shall she show us the wrong and the misery, the joy and the sorrow of life, dwelling then to the insect-proportions of the law and the Church; rather in the convex mirror shall they be shown, whose fixed face revolves upon a novel scene, while its outgoing rays strike through the utmost dies of vision.

Faction my egotism in saying this is what a woman of genius should do; rather let this be said in what Matilda Heron has done, and for this we owe her a national debt, for this shall the question of her life be enrolled in the capitol of our history.

I cannot express strongly enough my respect for Matilda Heron, and the moment relaxing the severe restrictions of her words, you could read them better in the white glow of her lips, the glow of her lustrous eyes, in each fold and line of her stately robe, in every motion and silence of her proud and passionate form.

I am told that Miss Orton is pretty; truly testimony of a thing is good, but the slight thereof is also comforting. This I say, because many of the finest situations in the play, turn upon the superior beauty of the younger to her older sister; this we are obliged to take on pure faith, for there is no evidence of sight. If Hubert could have preferred that Edith to such a Geraldine, good taste would have exalted that he perished in the war. The part of Edith was exceedingly well played, but she ought to be as pretty as Mrs. Allen or Emily Thorne.

I suffered from an intolerable nuisance, during the performance, embodied in a party behind me, who came within the strict province of the constable; all through the play they were engaged in loud talking, and vulgar laughing and chuckling. Such conduct would have marred their enjoyment, and the same protection which is awarded to the worshippers in the temple of the priest, should be given to the devout in the temple of the soul.

Among the distinguished persons present, I noticed Fry, and Seymour, and Stuart, Fanny Fern, Gerty Gay, and Nimon of the *Atlas*, together with Doesticks, Dick Tinto, and Personne.

Before I close this already too lengthy letter, I am going to take the liberty to speak of the few faults I noticed in the great artist whose genius and triumphs I have feebly depicted to you: they were an occasional unfortunate management of the voice, causing indistinctness in important passages, and a tendency (though rare) to violence without power. I do not use the term overacting, because it has no meaning for me,—she might as well tell me that a singer covers her rôle,—but of a certain falling into mere rant and ravenous demonstration. Last and worst of all, she is tainted with some of the virtues of the American stage, in voice, pronunciation, etc.; let her keep her American faith if she will, but in the name of the gods, let her wipe the stain of such virtues—no, the white robes of her genius. But indeed, for her faults I can say with the poet:

"True she errs, but in her own grand way,
Being better three times more noble
Than three scores of men."

ADA CLARE.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.
Edited by Sidney Barclay. Dodd and Currier, 1859.

It is pleasing to find the interest in our local history which this volume evinces. As a nation we seem to be in a measure afraid or ashamed of our beginning. In the course of study adopted in most of our colleges and universities, the histories of almost every other nation but our own are considered necessary. We have not yet lived long enough to have the charm of antiquity add its interest to the study of our early national history. Our national sentiment to criticism shows our want of enlightened self-respect. Any thing which tends to call attention to our early history, and to the importance of preserving the unpublished records of our revolutionary war, which have hitherto escaped the accidents of time, deserves a hearty greeting. For these reasons we are glad to notice the advent of the *Diary of the Revolution*: Though it is not written with sufficient art to conceal its art, though the editor shows her sex by the introduction of a love-story which is not good enough to justify its irrelevancy, though she has even a poorer idea of an editor's duties than Mrs. Garrison, or any of the number of men and women who have been and are ready to assume lightly the duties of that responsible situation, though the entire half of the book has no other than the more than doubtful merit of increasing the size of the volume, yet with all these faults, which make more of execution than of spirit, the book deserves credit for its design and for the object with which it was written. It has beside the positive merit of being interesting.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

A Distinguished Amateur.

Again is the heart of the printer of the *Saturday Press* rejoiced.

Again does he mount to the loftiest minaret in Spruce Street, and, turning his face towards Park-moat—the spiritual metropolis of New Hampshire—give thanks to Allah that his cheri al, even *Personne*, has returned to gladden him with his superi M.

Yes, *Personne* is about.

The original and only genuine—sealed, stamped, and the best opportunity—has appeared.

The New Haven railway had the supreme happiness of retaining the Printer's Men and *Personne*. And do not, as Mr. Moore remarks, a meeting like this make sense? [You ought to hear Blake sing that, after dinner.]

I should think it did.

There was no public demonstration of joy when a young man of distinguished appearance, "delicate hands," slight but elegant figure, and an embowered visage, landed at the Twenty-seventh street station.

Seventh Regiment, no Mayor of Richmond, no Ten Governors of the Almahouse, no Croton Water Board, no pious Pillsbury, no Collectors of Taxes, Military Fines, and Gas Bills; no prize, pomp, and circumstance, to receive the infant prodigy.

With the simplicity that always distinguishes true greatness, he gave his baggage-check to the expressman, absorbed certain fluid, and walked down town like any ordinary person.

And here he is—a free lance ready for the fight. A free lance! I repeat the phrase, because I desire to have it distinctly understood, by every one, that these leaves, good or bad, stupid or clever, are written, not for managers, actors, or authors, but for the public, my special audience.

Of my Partners in Iniquity.

As for the Beloved of my Heart, the Pelargonium Capitulatum of Manhattan, I am proud that she has a circle, or rather an eccentric rhomboid of admirers, from where the way down to the ferry-grounds in Eastport harbor, way down to the turtle-grounds in Florida, across the country beyond where the sun kicked Geraldine, in the city of gold dust and Vigilance Committees, and even as far North as where rolls the Oregon, and used to hear no sound save its own dashings. (Now there are steamboats and all sorts of things in it). Well, as a matter of course, Anna Maria has begun to be too large for her boots. A. M.'s answer to the man of Arminia that there was no living with her (A. M.), and I, who fondly hoped that I had crushed my passion, ground it I may say to powder, am obliged to subscribe to the converse of the old lady's proposition, and to acknowledge that there's no living without her.

I will put here a "pome," which I think applies to the case in hand. It's just as good as new, and better than it was original. It is supposed to have been the out-pourings of a desolated heart like that of the subscriber:

I see thee still—though far away,
From young and old I see thee
I gaze upon thine eyes' sweet ray,
Thy fair and lofty brow;
I hear thy voice of melting power,
Thou lovest of holy truth;
In fancies of the midnight hour,
I dream I see thee still!

I know how easily vain it is,
To cherish thoughts like these;
Yet how hearts sometimes dream of bliss,
Mid all their sorrows.

And in my lonely hours, alas!
When deepest woes are mine,
Strange fancies throng my often pass,
And point to smiles of thine.

The Muse in the last verse is a little weak in the back, but the "pome," on the whole, will do. I've read worse poetry, but not such.

The dear child has been in Jersey lately (it's the dodge this year to do the country-bred, old clothes, and generally cheap rural sort of thing), and has made the most of her time. With Whiskers (who intends to be the world with a vengeance) and her dear sister, she has ravaged the country, carried grief and a ball of worsted to the heart of many a poor farmer, and no end of pangs to stout young men of Jersey. She was in the enemy's country, and made it pay the expense of the war. Whiskers was equally successful. He has a string of feminine conquests like the first and second Sonoras; each is equally terrible in the field. Let them both be deuced. He shall be Duke of Irving Place; she Marchioness of Madison Avenue.

Soon will the Jersey ferryboat bring the brightest and the best to the shores of her native city, where she was born during the year of the great fire. There ought to be something done, but perhaps as A. M.'s nerves are delicate, it would be better to make no row over it. Whiskers will soon illuminate Broadway. The tailors have begun to display their new things for Fall trousers, and he can come back now with safety.

Next week, O, Editor! we will (the trio, I mean), be ready for the fray.

The Tag of War.

They say it will be lively, and it looks like it indeed. According to the rule of place and time, the "tagging" Laura Keane will be first in the field. Her company is a weak this year as it was strong last season. She loses four men like Blake, Jefferson, Coul-dock, and Sothen, and makes no masculine addition of particular note, except Mr. George Jordan, whose return to the harem of divination will give great satisfaction to the public. The female side of this house is, of course, weak. We have, however, Miss Ada Clifton, a pretty woman and a good actress. As she is now quite as popular as Miss Keane, it is probable that she will not rest satisfied for many weeks with a secondary position. The *Press*, supposed to be the official organ of this theatre, says that Tom Taylor, the dramatist, is coming over here on a visit to the "popular treasurer, Mr. Lutz." The season will be opened with Taylor's last piece, the first success of the new Adelphi. It is called "The House! The House!" For stealing it from the French, and denying the male, Master Tom got a trollop at the hands of the London Orator. It is said to be a good play, though occasionally slow and a bore. I presume that L. K. will open her portals next Wednesday.

Next, on the 5th of September, comes the New Metropolitan under the direction of Stuart & Bourcoulait. I say "new," because the theatre has been entirely reconstructed. The stage has been raised six feet, and is now the same width as Wallack's. The whole of the ground floor of the auditorium has been thrown into parquette and orchestra stalls, and the dress-circle now is what was formerly the second tier. The house is so far compressed that its dreary vastness is done away with, while the stage is now fit for the work to be done on and about it. I have before pronounced this house a magnificent mistake. It appears now that the new managers have corrected the old errors and will give to the public a capital theatre. The artists of the company, so far announced, are all good people. People like Miss Robertson, Mrs. Wood, pretty Sarah Stevens, Mrs. Allen, Jefferson, Davenport, Pearson, T. B. Johnson, and so on. People who belong to the theatre of to-day, not the theatre of a hundred years ago. The plays, I presume, will be of the same free character. I hear, also, that during the season Mr. Stuart will bring out several new people from London, among them Mr. G. Vining, an excellent French premier. The opening place will be a three-act comedy-drama, *The Orator* as the French, done by Mr. Bourcoulait from Dickens's charming Christmas story.

Mr. Wallack will enter the field last, but not least by any means. The *Personne-Heron* season is to close on the 11th of September, when the house is to be redecorated, and will not probably be opened before the 1st of October of next year, with the addition of Blake and Whiskers. Some irreverent youths, who don't know what is good for them and clamored for something new in

the feminine way, here, may as well be easy in their minds, for they won't get it. The opening place is a new comedy, by *Personne*—*The Rising Power*. Mr. Blake, I hear, has the best part in it.

The new *Personne*, a very large and handsome house, will open on the 11th.

The Academy will be opened on the 7th for a Market-skirmish. *Cordell and Gaster* are the prime dinné, Brigidon tenor, Amold baritone. I presume that Ullman will not begin until the *Hyper Scissimus* is ready, about October first. The *Press* has been humbugged awfully about a new company to be organized under the management of Recchi, editor of the *Ess & F*.

Burns, and other Poems. By George Anson Byron Lee, author of "The Middle Night." 4to., 1s. London: Arthur Hall, Stationers & Co.

HISTORICAL.

History of the City of Dublin. By J. T. Gilbert. M.R.I.A. 3 vols. 10s. 6d. each. London: John Russell Smith.

The History of Austria, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. Alfred N. Brown. Crown 6vo., cloth, 8s. 6d. London: J. Blackwood.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Book of Farm Implements and Machines. By Jas. Slight and Robert Scott Burn. Engineers. Edited by Henry Stevens, F.R.S.E., author of "The Book of the Farm," etc. 1 vol. large 8vo., £3 2s. London: William Blackwood & Sons.

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History of France, from the Earliest Times to 1868. By the Rev. James White, author of the "Eighteenth Christian Century," etc. 1 vol. 8vo., \$2. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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Traser's Magazine for August : The Barons of Buchan,
 a Contribution to Local History, by Shirley ; Concern-
 ing Hurry and Leisure ; A Bunch of Song-
 Flowers, by Alexander Smith ; Holmby House, by
 G. J. Whyte Melville, author of "Digby Grand,"
 Part VIII. : A Journey across the Field ; Sword and
 Gown, by the author of "Guy Livingstone," Part V.
 ; Alison's History of Europe from 1815 to 1862 ;
 Thoughts on Reserved People, by a Candid Man ;
 Alpine Literature ; The Legend of Arethusa ; The
 Peace of Villafranca.

Blackwood's Magazine for August : London Exhibi-

of Scotland; Leaders of the Reformation; Felicita,
Part I.; The Master of Sinclair's Narrative of the

15; *The Hunted and the Hunters; The Pénaloburn's New Monthly Magazine for August; The Armed Invulnerability of Great Britain; Coming Again*, by the author of "Ashley"; Christina of Sweden, by Sir Nathaniel; *The Middle Home*, by Mrs. Bush; by Johnson at Streatham, by W. Charles Kent; *The Fate of the Princess Sophie*, by E. M. Swann; *The Dreamer of Gloucester; My Friend Pickles*, by Alexander Andrews; *The Three Gables; Frederick the Great and Voltaire; The Treaty of Villafranca*; Bentley's Miscellany for August; *Abroad and at Home; The Bar and the Bush, or Coming Home for a Wife*, by Ouida. In Five Chapters; *The Pompadour*, by Walter Thornbury; *The Didactic Novel*, by Monkhood; *Honoré de Balzac; The Barred-up Rooms; The Story of Francesco Novello De Caserta*, Part II.; *Man and the Machine*, by the author of "Army decisions"; *Out of the World; Gurney, or Two Fortunes*; *The Time of the Times*, by Dudley Costello. Chapters V. to VII.

Plan for August: *The Philosophy of Literary Forgery; The Vatican Manuscript; In and Out. A Tale in Two Parts. Part II. Parisian Localities—The Champ De Mars; The True Cartouche; Twenty-one; A Lory Lost and Won; Getting On*, by the author

Dublin University Magazine for August: Artist and Craftsman. Part II.; Sir William Hamilton's Meta-

entire Tourists' Relations of the Irish to the Northmen, by Dr. Latham; A Woman's Sacrifice. Part I.; Irish Art Exhibitions; The Season Ticket. No. V. John Bull and his Digings; The Snowy St. Theodore; The Royal Academy; Growlings at Peace.

Great Republic for September: The Acorn. A Poem, by Elizabeth Oakes Smith; Vagaries of an Artist; The Asinine Papers, by Touchstone. No. II.; The King of the Sorrowful Island; The Ferry of Death A Poem; Change. Poetry; Seven Years in ye Western Land. Chapter IX. (Five illustrations); The Post-Soldier at Fort Erie. Poetry; Eugene Aram; Recollections of the Revolution; The Mother of a Marchioness; Despair. Poetry; Sol Peck, the Smuggler of Lake Ontario; Thomas a Kempie. Poetry; Sunshine under Shadow; The Wildthorne Manuscript. No. IV. The Temple in the Desert; The First Autumn Month; Reminiscences of the "Grand Armees." No. I. Moscow; The Storm of War. Poetry; The Haunted House of Languedoc; May Falconer. An Old Woman's Story; Proving of Current Theories in Science. No. II. Planetary Origin of Meteors; Greece Christianized. Poetry; Editorial Department; Comic Page—Hills at the Times (Illustrated).

Harper's Monthly for September: Tropical Journeying—Poems, by Dr. F. N. Otis (Illustrated); A Forest Story—The Adirondack Woods and Waters, by T. Addison Richards (Illustrated); Something about Diamonds, by J. W. Watson (Illustrated); A Rainy Day and what came of it, by Mrs. Mary S. Bradley; A short Distance in the Country, by Mrs. Alice B. Haven; Mand Elbert's Love Match, by Mrs. A. P. Sommers; The Meeting by the Hemlocks, by Fita James O'Brien; Our Houses, by Rev. Dr. Ogwood; A Homely Song of Toll, by L. A. Barge; The Dividing Line between Federal and Local Authority—Popular Sovereignty in the Territories, by Stephen A. Douglas; The Virginians, by W. M. Thackeray (Illustrated); Monthly Record of Current Events; Literary Notices; Editor's Easy Chair; Our Foreign Bureau; Editor's Drawer; Fashions for September (Illustrated).

Atlantic Monthly for September: The Life and Works of Ary Scheffer; A Visit to Martha's Vineyard; October to May; The Clematis; The Minister's Woe; June and Now; A Trip to Italy; Zelma's Woe; The Murder of the Innocents; My Doubt, and How it ended Me; The Singer; The Professor at the Breakfast Table; Reviews and Literary Notices; Recent American Publications.